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MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1910.

KEEPING THE CITY CLEAN.

Thanks to a kindly Providence, in which the resourceless, if not slothful, street-cleaning department of this fair Capital invariably puts its trust, the worst is now over.

The thoroughfares of the city are today less clogged and choked with ice and slush and filth than they were a week ago.

Nature, beneficent and dependable always, has slowly but surely come to the community's rescue—minimized the perils, softened the affliction, glossed over the disgrace, and made life in Washington bearable for this Christmas season, if still accompanied with constant vigilance and eternal prudence.

But think of the fortnight's ordeal through which the fair Capital passed! It has helplessly submitted to conditions as to its streets that would put to shame an ordinary incorporated town. It has paid the cost in broken limbs, in sickness, and in discomforts; it will continue to pay a heavy cost for days and months to come.

And all because this fair Capital, for some unaccountable reason, unlike every other up-to-date city in the land of whatever size, is unable to cope with an emergency incident to a heavy snowfall and freezing spell—because, in reproachful truth, Washington has not yet solved the problem of cleaning its streets and keeping them clean.

It is a reflection, and an ugly reflection, upon those charged with the upkeep of this city and the protection of the public welfare.

It is all the uglier reflection because it has happened before, and thus discloses on the part of the authorities a failure to profit by experience.

Speaking for the whole city, the sufferers in all walks of life, this newspaper appeals for the continued and active interest of the President and the Congress to the end that such abhorrent, shameful conditions as have recently been endured shall come upon us no more forever.

If the District is unable to keep the city clean and healthful and habitable, then let authorities higher up be charged with the duty and vested with the responsibility.

It is very evident that the Swiss people are quite hopeless. They propose now to lower food prices by reducing the tariff. How absurd!

The Heroes.

The name of Collector Loeb, of the port of New York, heads the petition asking Congress to provide pensions for the disabled and decrepit members of the United States Life-saving Service, and in spite of the fact that we are going in for a season of economy in the expenditure of public money, there is every reason why such a cause as this should be heartily and generously supported.

In the first place, this is a service that has been, and is to-day, of inestimable benefit to the nation. The men in the Life-saving Service are poorly paid, as compared with men of the same abilities and character in gainful occupations. Their wage is $65 a month. Throughout the country there are nearly three hundred life-saving stations which are maintained at an annual cost of $2,250,000, and looked at even from a material point of view, this expenditure pays. For during the last fiscal year, ended June 30, there were no less than 1,476 disasters and casualties, involving 8,900 persons and nearly $18,000,000 worth of property. Of the passengers and sailors thrown into peril by disaster at sea or along the coast the United States life savers rescued all but thirty, and they salved more than $15,000,000 of property.

There is always the fear when any branch of the public service is open to pensions that year by year the amount will grow and that abuses will creep in. As it is now, the United States Life-saving Service is a branch of the civil service under the Treasury Department, though the work of its members is much more nearly allied to the work of enlisted men in the army and navy. It has been suggested that the Life-saving Service should be placed in charge of the War Department, thus putting its members, so far as the pension question is concerned, on a par with the soldiers and sailors.

If that is the readiest way to secure pensions for the poorly paid workers in this branch of governmental service, it should be done. It would be fit in many ways, for these life savers are the soldiers and sailors of peace times, only the battle they engage in is a never-ending one and their enemy the sea. Perhaps only those who have gone down to the sea in ships" could appreciate what the Life-saving service means. To appreciate it you must bear in mind that these men patrol day and night the coasts of the country, walking their dreary beats alone, keeping ever-watchful eye on the treacherous sea. It is pleasant work enough, doubtless, when the winds are fair and the sun is shining, but when the sea rises in its wrath, makes wreck of tall ships, and dashes the passengers on the rocks, it is these men who brave her relentless fury, fight her with might and main, risking their lives a dozen times over in their heroic efforts to rescue the sea's prey from her. It is a life full of hardship and peril and exposure, meagerly paid, ill rewarded either in praise or profit.

If any service in the world is entitled to old-age or long-service pensions this is it, and the petition that has been brought before Congress should have instant heed.

The result of the investigation which shows that the bucket-shops cleared up $7,000,000 in collusion with telegraph companies only goes to show that it is true that one is born every minute.

A Pledge of Friendship.

While, for diplomatic reasons, it was probably necessary for the authorities to express their displeasure over the incident, we cannot see where any real harm was done in the convivial pledge of amity made by Commander Sims, of the Atlantic fleet, at a recent banquet in London. The banquet was the culmination of a round of enthusiastic hospitality, in which the American tars were received like blood-brothers—as, indeed, most of them are—and it was but the natural, if perhaps too enthusiastic, expression of a feeling of cordial friendship. That that state of cordial friendship does exist, we suppose our own State Department would be the last to deny.

Of course, to a certain extent, an admiral of the navy, in command of a big fleet, may be taken to represent his nation abroad, and he should, therefore, be careful not to infringe on the privileges of his country's trained diplomatic representatives. And the speech of Commander Sims was the more unfortunate, perhaps, that it came just at a time when questions of the tariff have come up for discussion between the United States and Germany, and when Germany, through its press, has been speaking of the failure of the Atlantic fleet to visit some German ports as an unfriendly act.

But there is surely no sense in making a mountain out of a molehill. No one is going to take too seriously an after-dinner speech made under the influence of mellowing good cheer and a burst of friendly feeling. Of course, it was hyperbole. No one can suppose that an American officer seriously meant that in case of need the American navy would be turned over to our British cousins. And yet history has shown that in times of Great Britain's need part, at least, of the American navy has been at her disposal, as witness the American seamen who hauled British gunboats out of danger from the fire of Chinese forts.

It is right and proper that the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, brothers in blood, in language and civilization, should stand shoulder to shoulder. Even in the cause of that ideal dream, universal peace, it would be well if they were united in even stronger bonds than those of friendship, the expression of which, in rather extravagant terms, it was that has caused Commander Sims to get a reprimand which we all hope will not be severe.

A St. Louis man is suing for divorce because he found a cigarette in his hash. Did he expect to get a whole package of them?

Vital Military Defect.

There seems to be a very vital defect in the existing laws pertaining to the militia and the volunteer army, so far as those statutes bear any relation to the employment of an allied force in connection with the regular military establishment. It must strike the observer who is outside of the army or organized militia as peculiar that the Executive and Congressional activity directed toward the establishment of efficient volunteer troops, available for duty in time of war, has not been more effective. We learn from the annual report of the Secretary of War, for instance, that no means are at present provided whereby the War Department can determine in advance just what officers and troops of the militia may be depended upon for service in the event of war and whether or not they will be suitable. It is described as "unfortunate"—and that is certainly a mild term to apply to the situation—that the existing law does not declare the legislative intent in some very essential particulars and in other ways speaks in language so uncertain as to leave that intent in doubt. It has been expected that the very liberal allowance which has been made by Congress for the support of the militia, including the appropriation for maneuvers, would furnish a definite and effective means of employing the militia in the service of the United States in time of war. The actual situation seems to be as far as possible from any such assurance of efficiency or availability.

More than this, it appears from the same source of information that there is in existence no comprehensive measure for the organization of a volunteer army to be raised after Congress has made a declaration of war. There is a bill before Congress for such a purpose. The measure would be of inestimable value if the country is ever again confronted with a foreign war, and, of course, the details of such a precautionary measure may best be formulated in time of peace, when there is opportunity for deliberation without waiting for the confusion which must inevitably attend such negotiations undertaken after war is a certainty.

It is a grave responsibility which rests upon the military authorities in a situation of this sort. They can probably show that they have urged Congress to do something of a practical sort, but Congress has evidently woefully failed of its duty, since the existing militia law is, according to the statement now made by the Secretary of War, a futile measure. It would be interesting to know who is really responsible for a condition so deplorable and so fraught with disastrous results.

King George's appointment of Gen. Lord Kitchener as lord high constable, to take charge of his coronation ceremonies, is probably only a precaution to be sure that he gets the crown on straight.

Some of the people who spoke of it as Christmas slopping of course wished a merry Chrismas to the street-cleaning department.

And already you can begin to formulate your New Year's resolutions.

And the unkindest cut of all was that a trick toy dog took the place of the Teddy bear on the Christmas tree this year.

And you might begin to practice writing it 1911, just to get the habit.

Wonder what those California scientists who declared that babies are a bad investment thought about it Christmas Day.

President Diaz must be beginning to suspect that there is a revolution in Mexico.

Although the days are getting longer that fact will not seriously alter the other fact that your Christmas bills must be paid.

Norfolk, Va., has an epidemic of mumps. That is a nice, plebeian way to spend the holiday season.

One comfort is that the stock of eggs in cold storage must have been seriously depleted by the consumption of eggnog.

That free education does not always appeal is shown by the fact that only two students applied for the Rhodes scholarships in Nebraska, although those scholarships provide for the payment of all expenses.

Speaking of Christmas gifts, we hope Fair Columbia was thoughtful enough to send the superintendent of our street-cleaning department an assortment of alarm clocks.

POLITICAL POTPOURRI.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The John R. McLean boom for United States Senator in Ohio is almost as warm as the blizzard.

From the Boston Transcript.

Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, appears to be a pleasant joller. One would think from his letter to his honor the mayor of Boston that while the latter was a Congressman he and the justice played pinochle together every afternoon.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The Democratic party in Congress will make a poor start toward justifying recent evidences of public confidence if it allows itself to be drawn into the petty scheme of Representative Rainey to hit former President Roosevelt in the matter of his traveling expense account while in office. The whole procedure is a cheap maneuver for partisan capital at a time when the nation is out of patience with petifogging tactics.

From the New York Tribune.

It seems doubtful if Mr. Foss' campaign has created any sentiment against Senator Lodge or strengthened the opposition to him in the legislature. To judge from the Massachusetts newspapers, interest has largely died out, and, so far as causing any public excitement is concerned, the governor-elect's speeches have been a failure.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The War Department has no intention of abandoning Fort Thomas. The remaining troops now there are to be sent to the Philippines, but the buildings are to remain in charge of a caretaker. The suggestion to convert the fort into a military training school does not find favor at Washington. The Secretary of War explains that "should it become necessary at any time to withdraw a portion of the army from the insular possessions or to increase the mobile army in the United States" the buildings will be needed.

From the New York Tribune.

Now that "greater efficiency" is getting to be a watchword, or catchword, in the worlds of business and politics, why doesn't Congress try to put itself in better condition to do its regular work by abolishing the useless holiday recess? The two houses adjourned on December 21, to meet again on January 5, 1911, thus taking fourteen days out of a short session which by law can last only ninety days all told.

From the Columbia State.

The Asiatic Exclusion League of California seems to fear that some Asiatics, particularly of the Mongolian or "yellow peril" type, may sneak into that State in the guise of "Anglo-Saxons." It has therefore declared, at a meeting in San Francisco, that the real Anglo-Saxons were destroyed by William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings; that this country is peopled by Celts, Teutons, Scandinavians, and Latins, and that hereafter the word "Anglo-Saxon" will not be used by the league, but "American" substituted for it.

From the Cleveland Leader.

President Taft, probably more than any of his predecessors, realizes what an immense and complicated business the government of the United States is. And he has adopted the same attitude toward it he would take if it belonged to a great corporation. Mr. Taft is finding out where the immense sums of money required for government purposes go and whether a proper equivalent is obtained by the country. The work of departments and bureaus which have run on for years without challenge is being examined.

From the Newark Evening Star.

But how, in the light of the constitutional safeguards against executive encroachments, can we regard the summoning of legislators to the presence of the governor-elect to take orders in a matter of legislative duty that belongs to the legislature alone and from which the governor is by the Federal and State constitutions entirely excluded?

From the New York Sun.

The plan of taking away from the Speaker of the House the naming of the committees and creating a many-headed committee to make the selections is vigorously opposed by Col. Henry Watterson, who declares that to adopt it would be sending "the House to sea in an open boat without rudder or compass or a pilot, manned by God knows whom." The matter, however, seems to be decided in spite of sober counsel and the gravest misgivings.

From the Dayton News.

The proposition to investigate the expenditures of Roosevelt while he was President was probably intended only to tease Teddy. Certainly no one seriously contemplates that we shall have an investigating committee prying into the expenditures, with a possible scandal resulting.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

The Constitution prescribes the method by which the legislatures of the several States shall elect United States Senators, but it is silent upon the subject of instructions by voters through primary elections. Oregon has set the example of obedience, and Nevada is expected to follow it, though its Democratic legislature must elect a Republican Senator. But California is worried over the appearance of a movement to set aside the verdict of the August primaries, which was in favor of the election of that distinguished sportsman-statesman, Albert G. Spalding, of San Diego.

From the Springfield Republican.

The election of United States Senators directly by the people, once adopted as a system throughout the country, may not end popular agitation concerning the second chamber of the American Congress. Certain conservative newspapers which are opposed to the popular election of Senators are suggesting that if the method of election is to be changed, much more radical alterations should follow. The Richmond Times-Dispatch declares that the Senate itself should be abolished and a single chamber be depended upon for legislation. The New York Sun proposes that Senators be apportioned among the States according to their population.

HUMAN NATURE IN WASHINGTON

By FRED C. KELLY.

A carefully dressed, squarely built man, with a stubby little captain-of-industry mustache, walking along Pennsylvania avenue the other day passed a man and woman who were talking animatedly and ungrammatically.

"If I'd of known you wasn't there I wouldn't of went," one of them was saying.

"So much bad grammar as one hears in Washington gets on my nerves," remarked the squarely built man. "Now in my town, I'll venture to say, one hears less bad grammar on the streets than in any place I know of."

Somebody has assumed by this time, doubtless, that the suarely built man must have been from Boston. But he was not. The man was James Wickersham, of Fairbanks, Alaska, and Alaskan Delegate to Congress.

Wickersham gets greatly provoked at people who are disposed to regard Alaska as a bleak wilderness inhabited only by illiterate miners. He says the large number of college men there make it really a highbrow community.

* * * *

When the present Alaskan Delegate first came to Congress he was invited to a dinner party one night. "Just dress as you would if you were at home," they told him, not wishing him to wear something in which he would feel uncomfortable all evening. So he came in a regulation dress suit. And when he told the guests that he wears his dress suit in Fairbanks on an average of twice a week, they all looked at him as if he were talking the wildest kind of moonshine.

* * * *

Senator Borah, of Idaho, went down to the Union Station here the other day to meet a friend. After the exchange of greetings was over, and the friend had picked up his real alligator grip to start on uptown, Senator Borah lingered near the gate, looking steadfastly at a big, puffing locomotive on track No. 3.

"See somebody else you know?" inquired the friend.

"No," replied Borah, "but I don't seem to outgrow my boyhood fascination for a locomotive and for trains. My earliest ambition, you know, was to be a railroad conductor. Yes; to be a conductor and wear a blue suit and cap, and carry a nice little nickel-plated ticket punch, and know all the trains by number, at one time marked the height of all wordly ambition for me. I used to think how fine it would be to come in on a train—a train that I would be in entire charge of, you understand—and have my father and mother on the station platform to see me. Oh, how proud they would be, I thought, to see me standing erect in my blue uniform, mopping my forehead gently with a red bandana handkerchief or jotting down my accounts with a long yellow lead pencil.

"It was only a few years until that early ambition was supplanted by my desire to go to the United States Senate, but I have never lost the fascination for looking at trains—especially the big, powerful, commanding engines."

* * * *

Asher C. Hinds, present clerk at the Speaker's desk, and newly elected Congressman from Maine—the man who knows more about parliamentary law than any other human in the United States—has always been of the opinion that one can learn things from mighty humble sources.

Years ago when Hinds was a boy up in Maine there was an old peddler around town who was a good deal of a character. He went about his business saying never a word—not even passing the time of day. If anybody inquired of him anything about himself, whence he came, and who he was, he would reach in under the sweatband of the old felt hat he wore and pull out a little book in which he had written, in a crude hand, his life history.

When Hinds started to run for Congress last summer he thought of the old peddler and it ocurred to him that there was merit in his system of talking little and giving people their information about one's self in black and white. Whereupon Hinds had some booklets printed—booklets more pretentious than the usual campaign document—in which he set forth a half-tone picture of himself and the essential facts of his career. And the booklets worked.

Hinds first began to study up on parliamentary law as a means of aiding himself in "covering" the doings of the Maine legislature, when he was there as a newspaper reporter.

* * * *

There is a place in Washington where one can go in and get his picture on a postal card in the act of shaking hands with President Taft—all while you wait. No Taft is in sight, not even a picture of him, while the photograph is being made, but when the post cards are delivered, sure enough there is the President extending his hand as cordially as you please.

The idea is, of course, for the visitor to mail these cards home to the folks and write on them: "Just met the President, and he seems like a nice fellow." Or, "This was taken while Taft was inviting me over for dinner."

Police reporters in a Middle Western city have recollection of a man who got credit at a boarding house recently on the strength of just such a picture of himself and the President.

A surprisingly large number of well-groomed and consequential looking men, having all the easy sang-froid of an ambassador or a head waiter, drop in and sit for the your-picture-with-Taft scheme.

* * * *

Samuel G. Blythe, of this city, a writer of good stuff for the Saturday Evening Post, listened once to the suggestion of a fellow-writer that he dictate his things to a stenographer and save wear and tear on brain, fingers, and typewriter ribbons. Blythe tried it for about four minutes. He found it would make him wordy, incoherent, and undemocratic. And he purposes to go through life pounding out his stuff, like a cub reporter, on an old typewriter built a number of years before folks discovered how to make typewriters—a machine with a type alignment like little drops of rain on a storm-tossed lake.

Arthur Brisbane is said to write all his editorials by dictating them to a phonograph, in order to get the proper cadence to them, but Blythe says any such system would never work with him.

One of Blythe's characteristics is a deep sense of annoyance at people who become blase under ninety-one years of age.

(Copyright, 1910, by Fred C. Kelly.)

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

CHRISTMAS ON WASH DAY.

When Christmas comes on Monday
It happens well, indeed.
Then Santa Claus
Need hardly pause
Or slacken pace or speed.

When Christmas comes on Monday
For Santa things are fine.
For all the hose
In neatest rows
Are hanging on the line.

When Christmas comes on Monday
With stockings out to dry,
Then Santa Claus,
Amid applause,
Can fill 'em on the fly.

A Good Way.

"I've managed to convince my wife that she doesn't know how to pick out Christmas cigars."

"How did you do it?"

"By smoking 'em in the house."

Children of the Poor.

"Well, my youngest daughter makes her debut to-morrow."

"So?"

"Yep; starts in at the shoe factory."

Part of the Fun.

The small boy does full justice
To all the brew and bake.
It wouldn't seem like Christmas
Without a stomachache.

Details Desired.

"Do you believe in Santa Claus, little boy?"

"That depends. Are you distributing gifts, or merely compiling statistics?"

Away Out West.

"You say this is the only house in the county?"

"That's what."

"I'm thinking of building a few miles farther on."

"Build right here, stranger. Then we'll have a town."

Benefits Bunched.

"Trying to sell the turkey I sent you, are you?"

"Mister, I didn't mean no harm."

"So this is your gratitude, hey?"

"Boss, it's this way. I always get six turkeys Christmas, and nuthin' doing the rest of the year."

War Scare Comedy.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Now that we have the 'true inwardness" of the recent war scare—which so ludicrously failed to scare anybody—we realize that its origin was remarkably appropriate. It owed its twenty-four-hour career to a beaucratic blunder and comedy of cross-purposes.

Secretary Dickinson found the report on his desk on his return from the Philippines; it had been prepared by Gen. Wood; the Secretary assumed that the President had seen it, and, as he had heard no murmurs of protest or suggestions of revision downward, he approved it, no doubt in a state of surprise. Gen. Wood likewise thought the President had seen the report. All this time the President was getting up his message to Congress.

Deserving of Pensions.

From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Congress is again petitioned to provide old-age pensions for members of the United States Life-saving Service. The pay of the men is $65 a month, and the work, especially in winter, involves much hardship from exposure. At the best, the jobs of these men are not particularly attractive, for now they are not even allowed to engage in fishing, and must devote their entire time to their duties. A great many people are of the opinion that Congress would be performing a long-neglected duty by passing a law pensioning these hardworking and not too well compensated employes.

GEN. BUCKNER AT 87.

Log Cabin and Spring Water More Than John D's Wealth.

From the New York World.

Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, renowned leader in the civil war and former governor of Kentucky, now in his eighty-eighth year, was an honorary guest of the governors.

He said: "I came all the way up here from Hart County, the best spot in the world, and I'm going back there to-morrow because I'm homesick already. I am living in the same log cabin on my farm in old Hart County that I was born in.

"That cabin is 103 years old. My father built it, and it is in as good a state of preservation to-day as any one could wish. I raise my own tobacco and I have a fine mint bed, and my old dog General wags his tail every time I walk into the front yard.

"There is a good spring just outside the door. The water just gushes from the rocks, and it is as cool and pure as any water in the world. Along the banks of the little stream that trickles from the spring grows the finest mint in the world. This water and this mint, when combined with a little of Kentucky's best spirits, make the finest mint julep in the world.

"Young man, you can tell everybody in the world that I wouldn't give up this home for the palace of a king. Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Rockefeller with all of their money couldn't buy my place up in Hart County. I would not trade it for all of their places and all of their riches."

The Way of Modern Society.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Mother, we simply can't have that horrible Mrs. Westley at our musicale. She is impossible. She has the manners of a cowgirl, and she never goes anywhere without insulting somebody."

"I know she is a very vulgar person, but we can't get along without her."

"I don't see why."

"Well, look over the list of women who are coming. There isn't one of them who doesn't size up a drawing-roomful of ladies by the clothes they wear. To make the affair a success we must have the best-dressed women in town, and Mrs. Westley's gowns are always the finest that money can buy."

"I hadn't thought of that. Pshaw! I wish her husband would lose his money, so she couldn't dress so well."

An Optimist's Mishap.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"I try to be optimistic, no matter what happens."

"I suppose you would be optimistic if you lost your job?"

"Yes; I should try to keep remembering that there were other jobs to be had."

"And you no doubt would keep right on being optimistic if you were to lost your wife?"

"Why not? I care a great deal for my wife; but if she were taken from me I should continue to be hopeful. It is always possible for a man who has lost his wife to find anoth—confound the luck! Darn it all—Dash! Dash! Dash! * * * That's always the way. When a fellow has to depend on his last match a gust of wind is sure to come along and blow it out."

Wickersham on Wild Cats.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"The main difficulty has been that the investing public has been unable to distinguish, because of the secretive policy maintained by so many genuine bona fide institutions, between the legitimate and the illegitimate ones. The former can afford to deal openly with the public, but the get-rich-quick concerns cannot.

"There is nothing which would do more to divert the investments of the country into honest enterprises than the publicity of their financial conditions and business methods. The result would necessarily mean prosperity for all concerned. A Federal incorporation law properly framed would assist in bringing this about."

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT PARLIAMENT

Speaking about strange members of the British Parliament, whom I discussed in a letter the other day, I omitted to tell of a period in England when boys even could leave their schoolbooks and be transported at once straight to Westminster. In 1613 there were no fewer than forty youths, all in their teens, who had seats in the House of Commons. Charles James Fox, for instance, was elected and "sat" at nineteen, and the poet Waller was a full-blown M. P. when still two years younger.

In the last two Parliaments there were young men of twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-four sitting by the side of men old enough to be their grandfathers. But this does not in reality happen often nowadays. In the days I speak of it was no uncommon thing to pay as high as 100,000 pounds sterling for a seat in the Commons and even more, and one instance is on record where 200 pounds and a life pension of 40 pounds annually was offered for a single vote.

The longest address of recent years during election was issued by a West country candidate. It contained more than 4,000 words. As a setoff to it there was the famous one issued to the electors of Birkenhead, near Liverpool, by Sir Elliott Lees. It consisted of the single word "Pretoria," cabled from Pretoria, in South Africa, where he was serving with the Yeomanry.

An oft-quoted address was that of a candidate at Merthyr Tyufil, in Wales, about ten years ago. Here it is: "I have lived, loved, and married, owned children and houses, experienced the world, the flesh and the devil, made and lost, made again and explored, mined, distilled, manufactured, built, lent, borrowed, bought and sold." But such joyous effusions are not often met with in England, the addresses and what in America would be called "stump speeches" being colorless and cold beside those made by French candidates for the Chamber of Deputies.

For really weird election addresses one must go, in England, to the many in the provinces who aspire to the modest honor of a local councilor. Here is an address made at Leicester by a Christian Socialist tailor about a year ago, and it is pathetic to think that this really emphatic address should have netted him only fourteen votes:

He began by asking the electors to anoint their eyes with the spittle of love, and wipe them clean with the napkin of righteousness. The philippic is too long to quote in full, but its import was that every worker was to have a fixed wage of three pounds per week, with free travel and all taxation ended.

"I want you," the tailor went on to say, "to put me into power and send all school children on a tour round the world during the last four years of their school age at the nation's expense, to make them bright and intellectual men and women, to be well guarded by our soldiers and sailors, under the charge of their teachers and eminent physicians." He also intended "to put the whole British empire in apple-pie order, when every man shall smoke his pipe of comfort free from taxation, with beer of purity, while listening to the orchestral strains of parish bands." Discussing a rival candidate, our socialistic tailor had this to say:

"One of us is an honest man; but which? Mr. Blank leads a luxurious life among princes of finance, though he is absolutely without resources, though his newspaper brings him nothing, and his relatives have to support him; while I live modestly in the provinces. Mr. Blank confesses that he has not paid his bills, while I even have paid the debts of others."

It was a Hibernian candidate who said: "My posterity belongs to one of the most famous Irish families, and myself being a man of unassailable integrity, of clear intelligence and of exhaustive will power, I promise that I will do my utmost for our prehistoric town——"

A unique record is held by Earl Nelson, who recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday. He is the "Father of the House of Lords." More than that, he enjoys the distinction of having been a member of that august assembly during the whole of Queen Victoria's reign. The venerable lord was born in the time of the third George, so that he has lived under six sovereigns, and for upward of seventy years he has drawn a pension of £100 sterling a week, granted by the government to the descendants of the victor of Trafalgar in perpetuity.

Lord Nelson succeeded to the earldom so long ago that often he is confused with the hero of that famous battle. A poor old woman once was taken to church to see the present lord. The friend who accompanied her was about to describe the lord's appearance, when the old lady exclaimed: "Oh, you need not tell me what he is like. I shall know him directly I set eyes on him." When asked how she could recognize the earl, whom she had never seen before, she exclaimed: "Why, by his one eye and one arm, of course!" She meant the hero of Trafalgar.

The fact that just before the end of the session which was prorogued last month Mr. Haldane celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his parliamentary connection with East Lothian serves as a reminder that there are but a few members of the Commons who are able to date their career at Westminster back to the eighties. The present "father" of the House is Mr. Burt. He has represented Morpeth since the general election of 1874, the year when Mr. Balfour likewise entered the assembly. But the defeat of the leader of the opposition at Manchester in 1906 deprived him of the position of "father," despite the fact that a few weeks later he was elected as a member for the city of London. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chaplin entered Parliament as far back as 1868, but neither of them has sat continuously, so that Mr. Chamberlain, who first appeared at St. Stephen's in the summer of 1876 for the then undivided constituency of Birmingham, is next to the "father" of the house.

To conclude my parliamentary talk of several days, I should say that at one time it would have been believed to be necessary for the King personally to prorogue Parliament on the eve of a dissolution like the recent one. It was so regarded as late as 1831, after the defeat of the reform bill in the Commons. The lords would have been "terribly shocked" if his majesty had failed to appear.

Realizing the all-importance of the King's presence, Earl Grey and the lord chancellor interviewed him at Buckingham Palace with some fear and trembling. The King declared that he could not reconcile himself to dissolving a house that had treated him so handsomely in the matter of the civil list, besides settling so magnificent an annuity upon his wife. The lord chancellor insisted that dissolution was inevitable, and that straightway the King must go to Parliament.

"But who," demanded the King, "will carry the sword of state and the cap of maintenance?" That had been arranged, said the noble lords. "But the guards," pleaded his majesty, "have not been ordered out." Earl Grey, who had foreseen everything, assured the King that they had. "Treason! High treason!" shouted the astonished sovereign, whose prerogative it was to order out the guards. His ministers admitted their guilt, but declared that their action had been necessary, and in the long run the King calmed down and went.

FLANEUR.

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VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS

Mason Opposes Expansion.

This country's policy of expansion is contrary to the principles of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, according to former Senator William E. Mason, of Illinois, who was recently seen at the New Willard. "Washington's Farewell Address," he said, "told the people of this country to stay at home, not to reach out and attempt to inflict its beliefs on others. Every republic that ever died reached its end through conquest. The United States, in its Philippine policy, has gone thousands of miles, killed hundreds of Filipinos and happy American boys, that the Filipinos might be happy in this nation's way—in the way of some politicians.

"When the Jews and Armenians ask this country to interfere for the sake of humanity to save them from cruelty in Russia, it can take no steps for justice, but it has gone into the business itself of making people happy in its own way."

Oldest Law Practitioner.

John Porter, of Eldora, Iowa, a lawyer, who is at the Raleigh, is the oldest practitioner before the United States Supreme Court in point of years of service, having been admitted March 3, 1853. He is here on a matter before the Interior Department. Mr. Porter has known every President since Fillmore, with the exception of Roosevelt and Taft.

"In my opinion," said the venerable lawyer, "Lincoln was the greatest President this country ever had. I was judge of a district court in Iowa while Lincoln was in the White House, and I was repeatedly called to Washington, where I met President Lincoln on several occasions."

Mr. Porter claims that President McKinley's birthplace, contrary to general impression, was not at Niles, Ohio, but three miles from Niles.

Railroad Legislation Harmful.

Daniel Guggenheim, president of the American Smelting and Refining Company, who recently returned from an extended tour of Europe, said: "During my visit in France I learned that the French officials were seriously considering the advisability of listing no more American securities on the French stock exchange, because of the existing anti-corporation feeling in America, which they claim is responsible for the serious fluctuations in American securities. These fluctuations make the French investor dissatisfied with his investments and fearful of the ultimate outcome of the principal, and he therefore harasses and annoys the French banker who recommended the securities to him.

"Are we not paying a big price because of our agitation against railroads and other corporations? Would it not be preferable if the various States that are endeavoring to prevent the railroads charging reasonable rates would insist on the railroads doing away with murderous grade-crossings? Would it not be better for the business interests if the railroads were compelled to supply sufficient cars to shippers at all seasons of the year, to establish proper protection for the workmen, and provide a pension and insurance for their families when the breadwinner can do no more work?"

New York Not Democratic.

Representative George R. Malby, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., in explaining the recent political upheaval in New York, said at the New Willard last night:

"At first glance, everybody thought New York had become a Democratic State; but that is not so. If only a small part of the 200,000 stay-at-homes on election day, most of whom were Republicans, had gone to the polls, Stimson would have been elected. The Republican ticket was defeated by a smaller margin than the Republicans who neglected to vote number. If we had known the day before election what we knew the day after, Stimson would be governor-elect to-day. There'll be a different tale two years from now; you can figure on a rousing Republican majority then."

Need More Lighthouses.

"Owing to the storms of snow and frequent heavy fogs along the Southeastern Alaska coast, that region is one of the most treacherous for mariners to be found anywhere. This condition is accentuated," said J. H. Young, president of the Alaska Steamship Company, at the New Willard, "by the lack of lighthouse and fog signal stations along that coast." Mr. Young is in Washington for the purpose of urging upon Congress the need of providing more lighthouses.

"During the past two years," said Mr. Young, "our company had five ships wrecked on that coast, with the loss of a large amount of freight, but fortunately very few human lives. Other companies lost ships also, and a number of vessels went ashore which were not a total loss, but which were sold and salvaged. Senator Piles has introduced a bill upon the recommendation of the Lighthouse Board, calling for lights and signal stations to cost $320,000. Nobody, I believe, questions the necessity of this appropriation, but, unfortunately for us, we are so far away from the seat of government that matters of most vital interest to us are often ignored or dismissed as of merely passing interest. It is a matter of very deep concern, however, to the people of Alaska, and one effect of it is felt in the very high insurance rate of 12 per cent, which, of course, has to be added to our expenses, thereby raising the freight rates. With vessels in our service worth $2,500,000, this is a very serious item. We have had some relief since the establishment of the Lighthouse Board as a bureau, many minor lights having been installed this year. This policy has never before been tried by the United States government, but it is proving to be of material assistance to mariners. Officials I have seen here are fully alive to the need of extensive improvements, as some of the most important lights and signal stations are yet to be established."

Mr. Young, who is also vice president of the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad, was formerly an official of the Southern Pacific, with residence at Berkeley, Cal.

Nicaraguan Representative.

Dr. Salvadore Castrillo, diplomatic representative of the provisional government of Nicaragua, is at the Arlington. He expects to present his credentials some time this week and understands that the State Department will accept them, thus giving formal recognition to the Estrada government. David Arrelano, who at present represents the Nicaraguan government here, will be relieved, and it is understood will become a member of the Dawson reorganization commission.

Oliver's Return Assured.

"The Republican falling off at the last election was mainly due to a depression in business, the hungry market basket, and the tightness of money. There is no actual dissatisfaction with the Republican party, and the slump was due to the stay-at-homes to a very great extent. The year 1912 will tell a different story. There is no doubt about Senator Oliver's re-election, the Pennsylvania legislature having a Republican majority of 100."

This view was expressed by Representative B. K. Focht, of Lewisburg, Pa., at the New Willard last night.